

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE,

Horatius

Flaccus

Sat. —

Parodies —

English

Imitated in a DIALOGUE between

ALEXANDER POPE of Twickenham
in Com. Midd. Esq; on the one Part, and his
LEARNED COUNCIL on the other.

Scilicet Uni Æquus Virtuti, atque ejus Amicis. HORAT.

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~~LIBER SEPTIMUS~~

OF THE
 QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
 SECOND BOOK
 SERMONUM
 LIBER SECUNDUS

Imitated in a Dialogue between

SATIRA PRIMÆ.
 HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HOR. **S**UNT quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, &
 ultra

Legem tendere opus; sine nervis altera quicquid

Composui pars esse putat, similesque meorum

Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebati !

Quid faciam ? Præscribe.

TESE

THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF

H O R A C E.

P. **T** HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

There are to whom my Satire seems too bold,
Scarce to wise *Peter* complaisant enough,

And something said of *Charitas* much too rough.

3 The Lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,

Lord *Fanny* spins a thousand such a Day.

Tim'rous by Nature, of the Rich in awe,

I come to Council learned in the Law.

You'll give me, like a Friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.

TREB. ⁺ *Quiescas.*

HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,*

Omnino versus?

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male si non*

Optimum erat: ' verum nequeo dormire.

TREB. ⁺ *Ter uncti*

*Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.*

⁷ *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude*

CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, multa laborum

Præmia laturus.

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*

Deficiunt: ' neque enim quivis horrentia pitis

Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,

Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Partbi.

TREB.

L. ' I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I *think*,

' And for my Soul I cannot sleep a wink.

I nod in Company, I wake at Night,

Fools rush into my Head, and so I write.

L. You could not do a worse thing for your Life,

Why, if the Nights seem tedious — take a Wife ;

' Or rather, truly, if your Point be Rest,

Lettuce and Cowslip Wine ; *Probatum est*.

But talk with *Celsus*, *Celsus* may advise

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your Eyes,

' Or if you needs must write, write *CÆsar's* Praise,

' You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir *Richard*, rumbling, rough and fierce,

With *ARMS* and *GEORGE*, and *BRUNSWICK* crowd the

Or nobly wild, with *Budgell's* Fire and Force, [Verse?

Paint Angels trembling round his *falling Horse*?

TREB. " *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem*

Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

HOR. *Haud mihi deeret,*

Cum res ipsa feret, " Nisi dextro tempore Flacci

Verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem;

Cui male si pauper, recalcitrat undique tatus.

TREB. " *Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi ledere versu*

Pantolabunt Scum Am, Nomentanumve nepotem?

" Cum sibi quisque timet, quantum est intactus, & odit.

HOR. " *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut semel icto*

Accessit fervor capiti numerusque lucernis.

L. '° Then all your Muse's softer Art display,

Let *Carolina* smooth the tuneful Lay,

Lull with *Amelia*'s liquid Name the Nine,

And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. '° Alas! few Verses touch their nicer Ear;

They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a Year;

And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's Lays,

It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

L. '° Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it still,

Than ridicule all *Taste*, blaspheme *Quadrille*,

Abuse the City's best good Men in Metre,

And laugh at Peers that put their Trust in *Peter*,

'° Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

L. A hundred smart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:

The fewer still you name, you wound the more;

B--nd is but one, but *Harpax* is a Score.

P. '° Each Mortal has his Pleasure: None deny

Sc---le his Bottle, D---ty his Ham-Pye;

Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem

Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia: me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Ille, velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim

Credebat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam

Decurrens aliò, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis. Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus anceps:

[*Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,*

Missus ad hoc pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;

Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,

Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum

Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling Lustres dance as well as she ;
 ' — loves the *Senate*, *Hockley-Hole* his Brother,
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another.
 ' I love to pour out all my self, as plain
 As downright *Skippen*, or as old *Montagne*.
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The Soul stood forth, nor kept a Thought within ;
 In me what Spots, (for Spots I have) appear,
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial Glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my Foes, my Friends ;
 Publish the present Age, but where my Text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next :
 My Foes shall wish my Life a longer Date,
 And ev'ry Friend the less lament my Fate.

My Head and Heart thus flowing thro' my Quill,
 ' Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good *Erasmus* in an honest Mean,

Incuteret violenta.]

11 Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro

Quenquam animantem; Et me veluti custodiet ensis

Vagina tectus, quem cur distringere coner,

12 Tutus ab infestis latronibus? 20 O Pater Et Rex

Jupiter! ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec quisquam noceat 21 cupido mihi pacis! at ille,

Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)

22 Flebit, Et insignis tota cantabitur urbs.

23 Cervius iratus leges minitatur Et urnam;

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, Venenum;

Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes;

24 Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectus terreat, utque

Imperet hoc natura potens; sic collige mecum.

In Moderation placing all my Glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

12 Satire's my Weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a Muck, and tilt at all I meet;

13 I only wear it in a Land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

14 Save but our *Army*! and let *Jove* incrust
Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlasting Rust!

15 Peace is my dear Delight --- not *Fleury's* more:
But touch me, and no Minister so sore,

Who-e'er offends, at some unlucky Time

16 Slides into Verse, and hitches in a Rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule! his whole Life long,
And the sad Burthen of some merry Song.

17 Slander or Poyson, dread from *Delia's* Rage,
Hard Words or Hanging, if your J--ge be ---
From furious *Sappho* yet a sadder Fate,
P---x'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate:

18 Its proper Pow'r to hurt, each Creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde nisi intus

Monstratum? ²⁵ Scævæ vivacem credi nepotî

Matrem: nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum

Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

Ne longum faciam; seu me tranquilla senectus

Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;

Dives, inops, Romæ seu fors ita jusserit, exul,

²⁷ Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

TREB. ²⁸ O puer, ut sis

Vitalis, metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus

Frigore te feriat.

HOR. ²⁹ Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

'Tis a Bear's Talent not to kick, but hug,

And no Man wonders he's not stung by Pug :

25 So drink with *W---t---rs*, or with *Ch---t---rs* eat,

They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

26 Then learned Sir ! (to cut the Matter short)

What-e'er my Fate, or well or ill at Court,

Whether old Age, with faint, but chearful Ray,

Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,

Or Death's black Wing already be display'd

To wrap me in the Universal Shade ;

Whether the darken'd Room to Muse invite,

Or whiten'd Wall provoke the Skew'r to write,

In Durance, Exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,

27 Like *Lee* or *B---ll*, I will Rhyme and Print.

L. 28 Alas young Man ! your Days can ne'er be long,

In Flow'r of Age you perish for a Song !

Plums, and Directors, *Skylock* and his Wife,

Will club their Testers, now, to take your Life !

P. 29 What ? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the Pen,

Brand the bold Front of shameless, guilty Men,

Dash

Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora

Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, & qui

Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,

Ingenio offensi? aut lasso doluere Metello,

Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;

Scilicet UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS

AMICIS.

Quin ubi se a Vulgo & Scena, in Secreta remorant

Virtus Scipiadae, & mitis Sapiencia Læli;

Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
 Can there be wanting to defend her Cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
 Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest Strain,
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis*' Reign?
 Could laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a Rage?
 And I not '• strip the Gilding off a Knave,
 Un-plac'd, unpension'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous Cause.
 Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.
 '1 TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant Din that World can keep
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my Sleep.
 '2 There, my Retreat the best Companions grace,
 Chiefs, out of War, and Statesmen, out of Place.
 There *St. John* mingles with my friendly Bowl,
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul:

And

Nugari cum illo, & discimti ludere, donec

Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quicquid sum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me

34 Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque

Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,

Offendet solido; --- ---

35 Nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,

Dissentis.

TREB. 36 Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum:

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum.

37 " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina jus est

And He, whose Lightning pierc'd th' *Iberian* Lines,
Now, forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn Plain,
Almost as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.

³⁴ *Envy* must own, I live among the Great;
No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State,
With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.

This is my Plea, on this I rest my Cause ---

³⁵ What faith my Council learned in the Laws?

L. ³⁶ Your Plea is good. But still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men --- so have a care.
It stands on Record, that in ancient Times
A Man was hang'd for very honest Rhymes.

³⁷ Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi Sext. or *prim.* & *quint.* *Eliz.*

Judiciumque."

HOR. *Esto, si quis* ' mala; *sed bona si quis*

Judice condiderit laudatur **CESARE:** *si quis*

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,

' Solventur risu tabule; tu missus abibis,

F I N I S,



See *Libels, Satires* — there you have it — read.

P. ³³ *Libels and Satires* ! lawless Things indeed !

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,

Such as a *King* might read, a *Bishop* write,

Such as Sir *Robert* would approve —

L. Indeed ?

The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed.

³⁹ In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,

My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

F I N I S.



See Libels, Satires --- there you have it --- read!
P. Libels and Satires, lawless Things indeed!
But grave I differ, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve ---
I. Indeed?
The Case is alter'd --- you may then proceed.
In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be his'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're damn'd.

F I W I S

